

FREE
REPORTER'S
NOTEBOOK!*

BATMAN AND SUPERMAN



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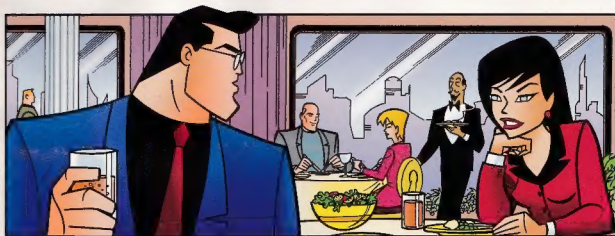
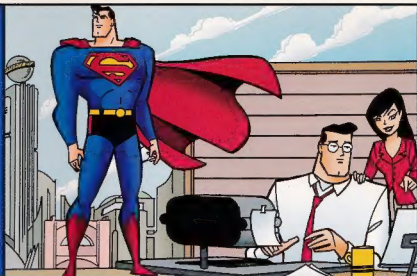
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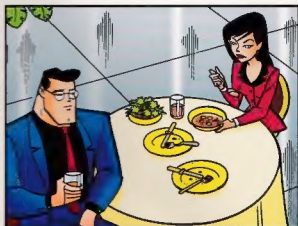
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DESTROY ALL MONSTERS!

The Man of Steel is the world's greatest super hero! As Clark Kent, he is a mild mannered reporter for the *Daily Planet* newspaper.



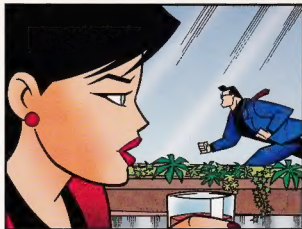
Clark Kent and Lois Lane were having lunch and discussing Lex Luthor, one of the most powerful men in Metropolis.



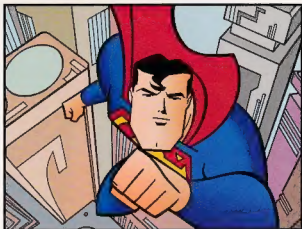
"I don't trust Luthor any more than you do," said Clark. "But we can't prove anything." "I agree," said Lois.



"But the world will soon see the *real* Lex Luthor," said Lois. But Clark wasn't listening - he could hear something else!



"I guess I'll see you back in the office," called Lois as Clark disappeared in a hurry.



Part of Metropolis was being used as a film set. But there was a problem and Superman had a job to do.



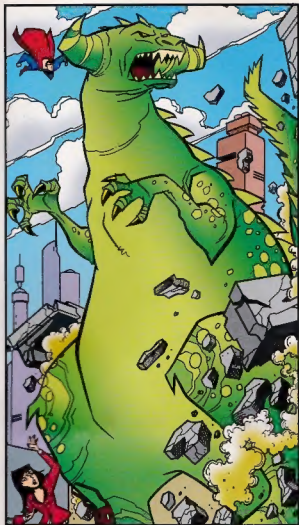
The set was in chaos, with scared crew and actors scattering in all directions. "I see Lex Luthor has a talent for film production now," said Superman.



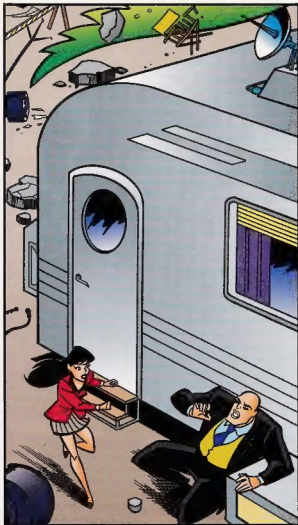
"Something's happening on the film set downtown, Lois," shouted Perry White. "Get onto it. It could be your front page."



Lois arrived at the film set, ready to get the inside story. But she certainly was not ready for what she found there.



The reporter looked up in horror at the monster that had lost control. Only Superman could save them now.



Lois found a safe hiding place where she could watch the action. But she also found Lex Luthor.



"This is your doing," Lois accused Lex. "I knew you were behind this!" "I assure you, Miss Lane," said Luthor, "I was only visiting. This crisis has nothing to do with me!"



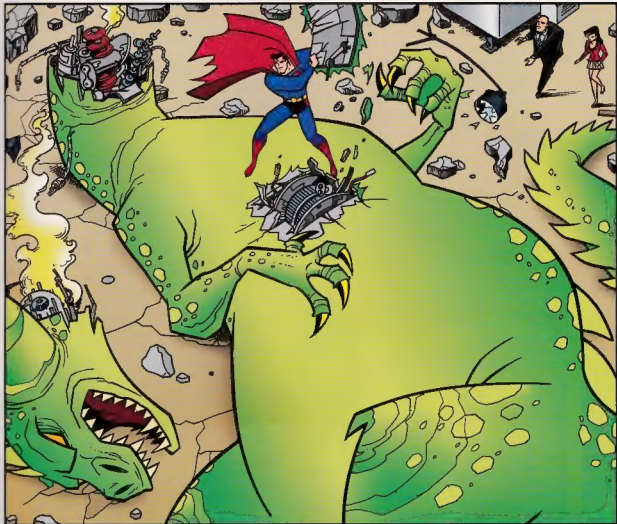
Lois was sure Luthor was behind the monster. He wanted to get rid of Superman, but how could she prove it?



The monster roared as Superman hit it with another enormous punch.



Superman battled on with the huge creature. He had to use all his strength and skills to bring it down, once and for all!



In fact, the monster was a huge machine that had been made for the film. It had malfunctioned by accident, but Superman soon had it all under control!



"I'm sure this was your doing," said Lois. "Superman himself told you the monster had a malfunction," said Luthor.



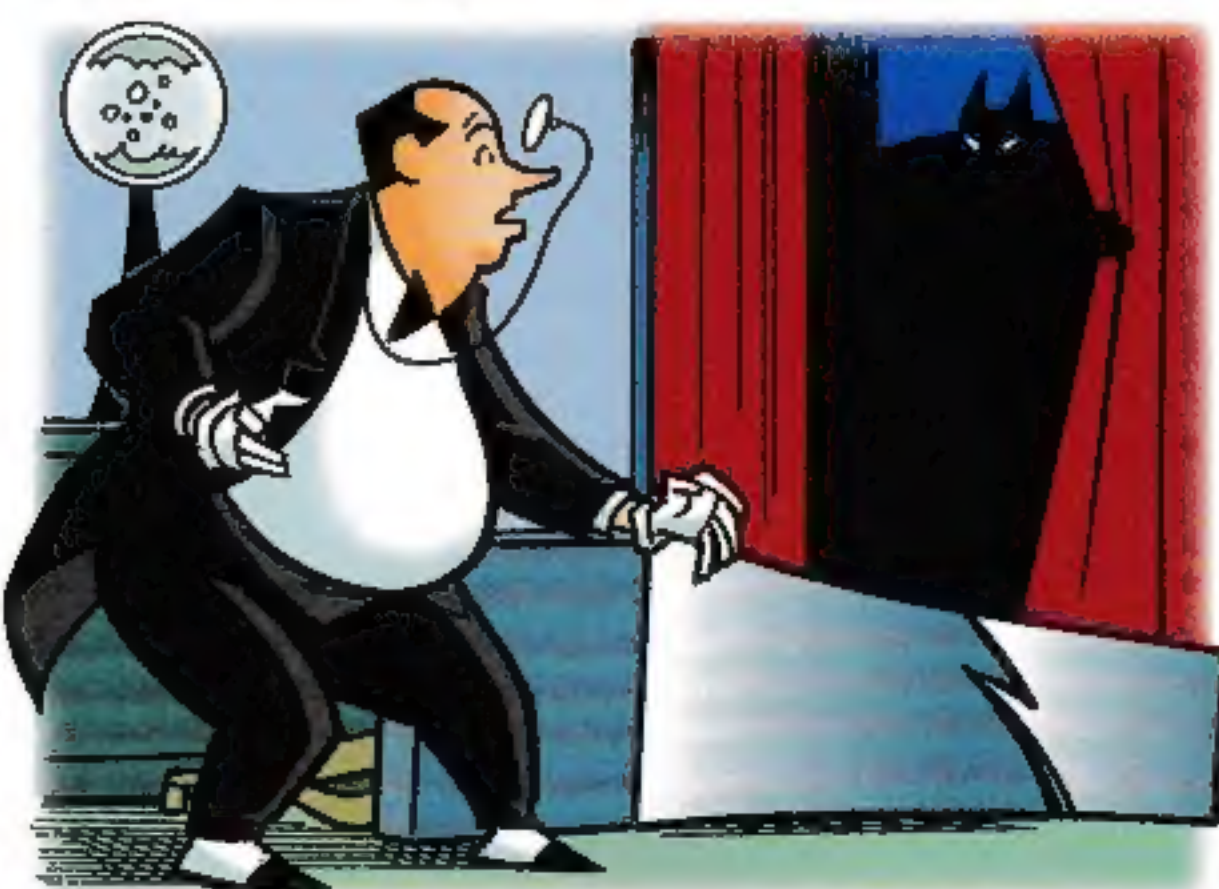
"He's a sly one," said Superman. "But one day we'll catch him and the whole world will know," said Lois.

POLES APART!

The Penguin, Oswald Chesterfield Cobblepot, sat alone in his club, The Iceberg Lounge and Casino. It was very late, the club was shut, and he was counting his money from the evening. Business was booming now that he was a 'reformed' businessman and he had something else to look forward to other than jail.

The Penguin sat back in his chair with his hands behind his head and looked around. He jumped up, almost tripping over his chair! Someone was in the room with him!

Batman stepped out of the shadows and the Penguin's eyes opened very wide.



"I didn't do it!" he said.
"Whatever it was, it wasn't me!"
"Maybe you didn't," said

Batman, not believing his old enemy for a moment. "But I want you to do something for me, Penguin," he said.

"What exactly did you have in mind?" asked the Penguin.

Penguin listened and shivered as Batman explained. There had been a robbery in Gotham City that night, and a famous painting of an Antarctic explorer had been stolen. The explorer was one of the first men ever to see penguins!

"I understand," said Batman, "that you might know someone who would be very interested in buying that painting."

"As a matter of fact, I do," said Penguin, knowing that he couldn't fool the Dark Knight. "But I had nothing to do with the robbery. It wasn't me," he insisted.

Batman told his old foe that he knew the Penguin sometimes used his club to deal in stolen goods. If the art thief offered to sell the painting to the Penguin, Batman wanted to know about it straight away.

Although the Penguin didn't

particularly like Batman's idea, he saw no choice and agreed that Batman should keep watch at the Iceberg, in case the art thief did pay a call.

Batman waited in the shadowy corners of the club. Meanwhile, Penguin bagged up his money for the bank.



Penguin was just about to put on his coat and go home when there was a soft tap at the door. Batman watched as three men came in, one of them carrying a large, square object. It was the painting!



The art thief didn't stand a chance as he turned at the last minute to see Batman looming over him. The thief tried to throw a punch, but Batman was too fast. He twisted the man's arm behind his back, and threw him to the floor.



Spinning on his heels, Batman turned to the two thugs behind him, then ducked as one of them came flying towards him. He threw the thug over his shoulder and stood to meet the second, who, thinking better of it, ran for the door instead!



Meanwhile, Penguin had torn the paper from the large parcel and was holding the painting, gazing silently at it. This is what he had been looking forward to!

"Hand it over, Penguin," said Batman, as the Penguin continued to gaze at the painting. "You wanted it for yourself all along, didn't you?" added Batman. "There never was a mysterious buyer."

The Penguin handed the painting to Batman. "I'll never tell," said the Penguin. "I think I've helped you enough for one day."

Giving the Penguin one last look, Batman left to return the painting to the museum where it belonged. He understood why Penguin had longed to own it. In the painting, the explorer was standing in the freezing Antarctic surrounded by penguins.

The Penguin sat down heavily. He was miserable because Batman was right. He had wanted the painting and had been looking forward to seeing it, but Batman had put a stop to that.

Maybe one day. **THE END** 